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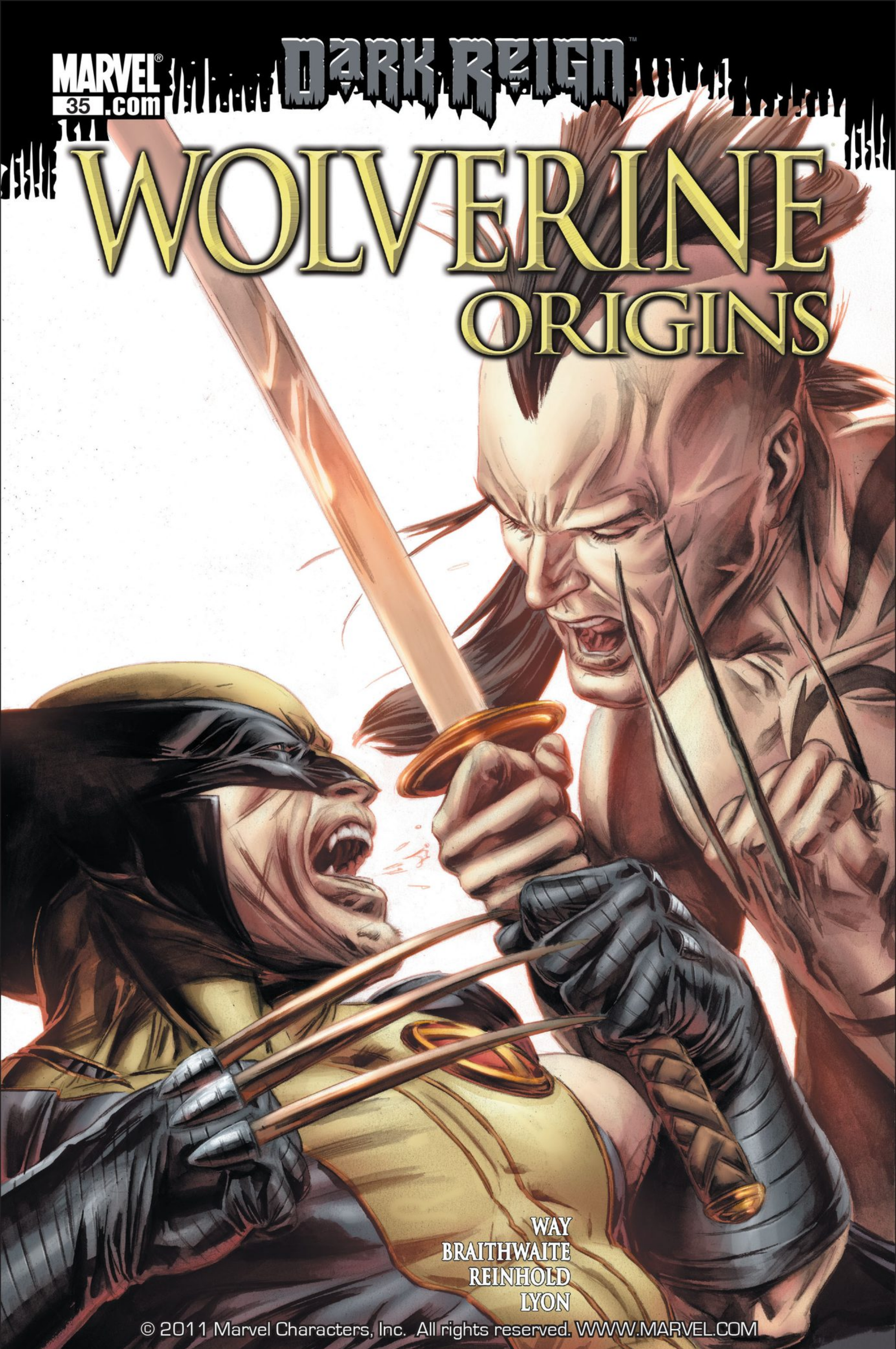
DARK REIGN™

WOLVERINE ORIGINS



WAY
BRAITHWAITE
REINHOLD
LYON

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WOLVERINE ORIGINS

#35

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AT SOME POINT IN EVERY MAN'S LIFE, HE GETS TO FEELIN' THAT THERE'S SOMETHIN' OUT THERE KEEPIN' HIM DOWN. STANDIN' BETWEEN ***HIM*** AN' WHAT HE ***WANTS.*** WORKIN' ***AGAINST*** HIM TO MAKE SURE HE NEVER ***GETS*** IT.

WITH MOST MEN, THAT FEELIN'S JUST ***SELF-PITY. ME,*** THOUGH... WITH ME, IT WAS ***REAL.***

IT WAS ROMULUS.

DIDN'T ***ALWAYS*** KNOW THAT--LEAST, NOT CONSCIOUSLY. ***SUBCONSCIOUSLY,*** THOUGH, I HAD A ***CLUE.*** AN' THAT CLUE DROVE ME CRAZY 'CAUSE IT DIDN'T SEEM TO ***LEAD*** ANYWHERE.

WHAT HAD BEEN DONE TO MY MIND MADE IT IMPOSSIBLE FOR ME TO FOCUS ON IT, TO NARROW IT DOWN. ***TO TRACK IT TO WHERE IT LIVED AN' GIVE IT BACK ALL THE PAIN I'D ENDURED.*** ALL THE ***LOSS.***

ALL THE SUFFERIN' THAT I JUST SOMEHOW ***KNEW*** SHOULDN'T FIT INTO ONE MAN'S LIFE.

I HAD A SCENT, BUT NO ***TRACK.*** I WAS FOLLOWIN' A TRAIL WITHOUT KNOWIN' WHERE OR TO WHAT IT ***LED.***

UNTIL I WAS THERE.

HIS NAME WAS *MURAMASA.* HE WAS A MYSTIC--A *SWORDSMITH* WHOSE LIFE WAS THE STUFF OF MYTH...

...AND WHOSE *WORK* WAS THE STUFF OF *LEGEND.*

MURAMASA USED HIS POWERS TO FOCUS THE *RAGE* I FELT IN MY HEART...

TO *EXTRACT* IT...

...AND TO DISTILL IT DOWN TO *A SINGLE DROP.*

AN' THEN, A LOT LIKE WHAT'D HAPPEN YEARS ON DOWN THE ROAD, IT WAS *BONDED TO METAL.*

FORGED.

REFINED.

SHARPENED.

FROM MY BLOOD WAS MADE THE MOST FEARSOME WEAPON THIS WORLD HAS EVER KNOWN.

AN' NOW HERE IT IS...

A LIFETIME LATER...

...STARIN' ME RIGHT IN THE FACE.

PROSPECT PARK.
BROOKLYN, NY.

YOU WILL *NOT* INTERFERE WITH MY PLANS.

I WON'T LET YOU.

YOU CAN'T STOP ME.

IS THAT A *CHALLENGE?*

IT'S THE TRUTH.

IT'S A PLOY.

YOU'RE RIGHT.

REMOVED

NEXT TIME I PUT YOU IN THE GROUND, RUSSIAN...

...YOU'LL STAY THERE.

YOU KNOW YOUR ARMOR WON'T PROTECT YOU FROM THAT BLADE, RIGHT?

YES.

I KNOW.

YOU'RE ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THIS FIGHT, FATHER.

BAMF

SO ARE YOU.

SSSINNNGG!

BAMF

BAMF

WROKK!

FFWAKK!

HNNG...

IMPRESSIVE...

...BUT POINTLESS.

NOT REALLY...

BOOOM

CANNONBALL-- NO!

LET 'IM GO!

HUH?! WHY--?

WHOAH!

SSSHK!

KROOOM

NNG...

HUFF--!

I AIN'T GONNA MAKE IT.

IT'S TOO FAR AWAY AN' *HE'S TOO CLOSE.*

DAMN IT, SCOTT!

SHNK!

I CAN'T SAVE YOU.

ARMOR?!

WHAT IS SHE--?

OH, NO...

NNH...

MINE...

MINE.

HHUH...

MINE.

NO.

MINE.

RECOVER, SOLDIER! WHAT IS YOUR MISSION?

WHAT IS YOUR MISSION?!

THE BLADE.

HOLD IT. KEEP IT.

CHOPPERS. COPS. GETTIN' CLOSER.

IT'S MINE.

DROP YOUR WEAPON!"

WHUP-WHUP-WHUP-WHUP-WHUP-WHUP-WHUP-

SSKRTCH--!

DAKEN'S GONE.

I STILL HAVE THE BLADE.

IT'S MINE.

WHUP-WHUP-WHUP-WHUP-WHUP-WHUP-WHUP-WHUP-WHUP-WHUP-WHUP-

BUT WHY DIDN'T DAKEN TAKE THE--?

CHOPPERS.

BECAUSE HE DIDN'T *HAVE* TO.

GETTIN' CLOSER.

WHUP-WHUP-WHUP-WHUP-WHUP-WHUP-WHUP

BECAUSE WHY EXPOSE HIMSELF BY CARRYIN' AROUND A DAMN *SAMURAI SWORD*...

COPS.

"DROP YOUR WEAPON!"

...WHEN ALL HE NEEDS IS A SMALL PART OF IT?

HE'S... UNGH... GONE?

YEAH.

AN' HE TOOK THE MISSIN' PART O' THIS *WITH* HIM.

YOU CAN FIND HIM.

YEAH. *SOMEHOW.* I *HAVE* TO.

I CAN'T GIVE THE BLADE BACK TO YOU, SCOTT.

I DON'T *WANT* YOU TO.

I WANT YOU TO-- *GAH!*-- TAKE IT *WITH* YOU. *I WANT YOU TO TRACK DAKEN DOWN.*

AND I WANT YOU TO *DEAL* WITH HIM.

I WON'T KILL HIM, IF THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE--

HE'S BEYOND SALVATION, LOGAN!

HAVEN'T YOU EVER LOOKED INTO HIS *EYES*?

I LOOK INTO 'EM EVERY DAY.

THIS...*QUEST* OF YOURS IS NOTHING BUT *SELFISHNESS*, LOGAN!

YOU *FORCE* YOURSELF TO BELIEVE THAT DAKEN CAN BE *SAVED* BECAUSE--

BECAUSE THAT WOULD MEAN I CAN BE SAVED, TOO.

GRAND CENTRAL STATION, NEW YORK CITY.
NINE HOURS LATER.

HELLO...?

HELLO, TINKERER--
I TRUST YOUR TRAIN
RIDE INTO THE CITY
WAS COMFORTABLE?

MY SPINAL
CORD WAS SEVERED
WITH A *COMBAT*
KNIFE--I AM *NEVER*
COMFORTABLE.

HOW MUCH
LONGER AM I
SUPPOSED TO WAIT
FOR...WHOEVER IT IS
I'M WAITING FOR?
I'M GOING TO GET
RECOGNIZED--!

THAT'S
THE POINT.

I
FOUND HIM,
LOGAN--

--GRAND
CENTRAL
STATION.

AN'
MAKE IT
FAST.

FINDIN' DAKEN IS ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE--UNLESS HE'S *LOOKIN'* FOR YA.

OR, IF YA KNOW WHO HE'S LOOKIN' *FOR*...WHICH *I DO*.

THIS GUY.

PHINEAS MASON.

THE *TINKERER.*

MASON IS ONE O' MAYBE FOUR PEOPLE ON THE PLANET WHO CAN DO WHAT DAKEN WANTS TO HAVE DONE--AN' THE *ONLY* ONE WHO'LL DO IT ON A *CASH BASIS.*

MEN

SOONER OR LATER, DAKEN'S GONNA HOOK UP WITH THIS PIECE O' $#@% SO, UNTIL THAT HAPPENS...

...TINKERER'S GONNA HAVE A *SHADOW.*

HMM...

EVEN TAKIN' INTO ACCOUNT THE FACT THAT HE'S PARALYZED FROM THE WAIST DOWN, TINKERER'S TAKIN' WAY TOO LONG IN THERE.

GONE.

AN' THE ONLY *SCENTS* I'M GETTIN' ARE ONES THAT MAKE ME WANNA *PUKE*-- THIS IS, AFTER ALL, A *BATHROOM* IN THE MIDDLE O' *GRAND CENTRAL STATION.*

IT CAN'T BE...

SKRAKK!

KROK!

KRUNNCH!

HUHRR...

SECOND WAS *VICTOR* HUDSON, BORN BLIND AND MUTE. VICTOR WAS RAISED IN SOLITUDE BY HIS MOTHER, *BERNICE.*

ONE DAY, BERNICE WALKED INTO HER LOCAL CHURCH PROCLAIMING THAT SHE HAD GIVEN BIRTH TO THE DEVIL'S CHILD AND THAT, THE *PREVIOUS NIGHT...*

...THE DEVIL HAD NOT ONLY *REVEALED* HIMSELF TO HER, BUT HAD *TAKEN THE CHILD BACK INTO HIS BOSOM.*

"NO ONE EVER SAW VICTOR HUDSON AGAIN."

H-HELLO...?

WHERE AM I SUPPOSED TO GO *NOW?*

THIS IS NOT HOW I PREFER TO CONDUCT MY *BUSINESS!*

AND WHAT BUSINESS WOULD THAT BE?

WEAPON DEVELOPMENT?

EXOTIC *METALS?*

JUST LIKE I DOUBT THE FACT A *TRAIN* IS NOW ARRIVING AT A RAILWAY STATION THAT HASN'T BEEN USED IN OVER A CENTURY IS A COINCIDENCE, *EITHER.*

I TAKE IT *YOU'RE* THE ONE I'M SUPPOSED TO BE *MEETING?*

EVIDENTLY.

"EVIDENTLY"?

WELL, WE *ARE* THE ONLY TWO PEOPLE STANDING IN A RAILWAY STATION THAT HASN'T BEEN USED IN OVER A *CENTURY*, SO...I *SINCERELY* DOUBT THIS IS A COINCIDENCE.

ARE WE SUPPOSED TO GET ON BOARD...?

UH-OH...

WHAT?

NO WHEELCHAIR ACCESS.

YOUR SENSE OF HUMOR IS *SICKENING.*

WAIT'LL YOU GET TO *KNOW* ME.